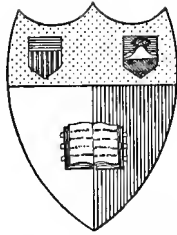


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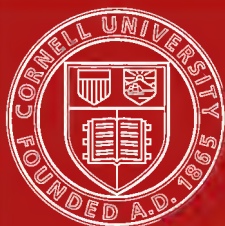
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Reminiscences of the war of 1861-1865



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REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF 1861-1865



BY PHILIP F. BROWN

Company "C." 12th Virginia Infantry

Mahone's Brigade

2

ERRATA

- Page 3. "seceeding" should be seceding in two places.
Page 3. "severign" should be sovereign.
Page 3. "Batillion" should be Battalion.
Page 4. "Eleven Pines" should be Seven Pines.
Page 6. "siezing" should be seizing.
Page 7. "Batillion" should be Battalion.
Page 7. "ordinance" should be ordnance.
Page 8. "ordinance" should be ordnance in two places.
Page 9. "boyant" should be buoyant.
Page 11. "Worn" should be worm.
Page 12. "preceeded" should be preceded.
Page 12. "fortunate" should be fortunately.
Page 12. "trameled" should be trampled.
Page 13. "temorarily" should be temporarily.
Page 17. "rest" was omitted.
Page 18. "trurer" should be truer.
Page 20. "tempoary" should be temporary.
Page 22. "encoragement" should be encouragement.
Page 27. "bullet" should be bullet.
Page 28. "cloroform" should be chloroform.
Page 32. "hospital" should be hospitable.
Page 33. "Garth" should be Gath.
Page 33. "carrige" should be carriage.
Page 37. "greatful" should be grateful.
Page 39. "exploding" should be exploding
Page 39. "ambier" should be amber.
Page 43. "siezing" should be seizing.
Page 43. "threated" should be threatened.
Page 44. "bought" should be brought.
Page 45. "haulted" should be halted.
Page 45. "malitary" should be military.
Page 45. "Comarchies" should be Comanchies.
Page 45. "Pendemonium" should be Pandemonium.
Page 46. "breatworks" should be breastworks.
Page 47. "possitively" should be positively.
Page 49. "Braigade" should be Brigade.
Page 51. "biuldings" should be buildings.
Page 52. "Napolian's" should be Napoleon's.
Page 53. "Ti show" should be To show.

Blue Ridge Springs, Va. 4/9 1913

Mr. J. V. Scaife

1238 Nuttall Ave.

To PHILIP F. BROWN, Dr.

1 Cop 2 of War Reminiscences of 1861 to 1865

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No. 756

Philip F. Brown

Comments of the Press

ON THE

“War Reminiscences”

OF

Phil. F. Brown

Co. “C” 12th Va. Infantry, A. N. V.

Mahone’s “Old” Brigade



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REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR. 1861-1865

The pamphlet abounds in action and incident which are well described—sometimes with almost startling vividness. Not the least interesting features of the book are the author's reminiscences of wartime life in Richmond and of the feverish hours that marked the evacuation of the city.

In the publication is an excellent picture of the Confederate capital just after the evacuation, and another showing the hustling metropolis of today.

Mr. Brown has a good, nervous style, which makes his compositions consistently interesting, while his memory is evidently retentive. He has set down many things of value to historians and his pamphlet lacks neither atmosphere nor local color.

Unfortunately, it was printed at a small office in the country and has more than its share of typographical errors. Mr. Brown, therefore, is made to spell like Josh Billings and Artemas Ward, whereas he is, in fact, an expert in orthography and a man of exceptional accuracy in all things. But what difference does the spelling make, anyhow, when one's composition has a message to convey?—*Evan R. Chesterman, Richmond Evening Journal.*

PHIL BROWN'S BOOK.

Reminiscences of the War of 1861-65, by Philip F. Brown.

This publication which is fresh from the press, is in neatly printed pamphlet form of 53 pages, and comprises a series of contributions recently made by Mr. Brown to the Buchanan News and Fincastle Herald, in which was related the author's experiences during the Civil War. A very impelling story it is too—well told—and replete with human interest. The work is entirely modest in pretension; its scope is confined to the experiences and impressions of a Confederate soldier and intense loyalist, who did his part bravely and honorably to sustain the dignity and rights of Virginia, and who emerged from those days of fierce and bloody

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ordeal, with a bullet shattered arm as his badge of courage, with conscience serene in the knowledge of duty faithfully performed, and facing the troubles and tragedies of the future, as well became a gentleman unafraid, and a Virginian sans reproche. After being wounded, Mr. Brown received his honorable discharge from the army, and became identified with the management of one of Richmond's most famous hostilities until the close of war—and the relation of what he saw and experienced when thus situated, constitutes by no means the least entertaining and delightful feature of his reminiscences. We have no hesitation in saying that the book will abundantly repay perusal.—Walter E. Addison, Lynchburg News.

WAR MEMORIES.

There is plenty of literature, such as it is, more than enough of certain sorts, about the struggle which convulsed our country from border to border fifty years ago. There is a surfeit of memoirs by distinguished officers seeking not to portray the truth of history but to glorify their own achievements or vindicate their own side of some unhappy controversy. Also there are books without number, ambitious in size and binding, the authors of which venture far beyond the limits of their own experience and observation and fill dreary pages with ill-digested second-hand reports of distorted facts or ambitious criticisms which serve only to betray the ignorance of the writers.

But there are not enough, and never can be too many of simple narratives by those who were actors in that grim tragedy of what they actually saw and heard—the homely details of happenings in bivouac, on the march and in actual combat. For it is in such chronicles that the spirit of that period is preserved and it is from the aggregate of such relations that future generations will evolve the truth.

Of this unpretentious nature is a volume entitled "Reminiscences of the War of 1861-1865," which bears on its title page the name of Phillip Brown, late a soldier in the Twelfth Virginia Infantry of Mahone's brigade. It is a voice from the ranks,

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P F. BROWN.

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does not discuss the causes or conduct of campaigns, but is content to picture what happened from the limited viewpoint of those who are called on to do and die, but not to reason why. There is no straining after effect; no effort to see beyond the author's field of vision; just a straightforward tale of arduous service and kindly reference to those who shared it without hope that their names would be emblazoned on the rolls of fame.

There were many Norfolk soldiers in the regiment and brigade to which Mr. Brown was attached and to those his reminiscences will possess peculiar interest.—*Col. W. E. Cameron, Virginian Pilot.*

“REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF 1861-1865.”

By Philip F. Brown, Company C. Twelfth Virginia Infantry, Mahone's "Old" Brigade.

Everything in the pamphlet, from beginning to ending, is most valuable, because the absolute sincerity and accuracy of the writer in apparent in every line.

As a record of what one man saw, heard and felt during the period of 1861-1865, this pamphlet is history that can be read with confidence and quoted without fear of contradiction.—*Times-Dispatch.*

PHIL BROWN'S WAR STORY.

Graphically and in thrilling terms Mr. Brown describes the closing years of the conflict, telling us as an eye witness of the abandonment of Richmond and the entrance of Federal soldiers. He gives his story in a most attractive manner. All who read it will obtain a close and familiar insight not only into the actual throes of a mighty engagement but into the life and thoughts of the man in the ranks. His reminiscences, we predict, will prove a welcome and valuable addition to Virginia's historical records.—*Roanoke Evening World.*

PREFACE

Yielding to the suggestions of many companions and friends, who read my war reminiscences in *The Buchanan News* and *Fincastle Herald*—I have concluded to publish them in pamphlet form.

They do not pretend to anything more than a personal illustration of what passed before the eyes of the writer, who bore an inconspicuous part in the bloody drama that was written on the pages of American history, 1861 to 1865.

PHILIP F. BROWN.

A most interesting booklet, "Reminiscences of the War between the States, 1861-65," by Phil F. Brown, Company C, 12th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's old brigade, will be presented (for the asking) to each patron sending a new subscription to the *VETERAN*. Or send 25 cents in stamps to Phil F. Brown, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., stating that you saw the advertisement in the *VETERAN*.



Reminiscences of the War 1861-1865

BY PHILIP F. BROWN.

I had been living in Petersburg not quite a year, when the question of seceding from the Union was the absorbing topic of the day.

In my youthful and humble judgment it was thought very unwise to do so, though believing we had a constitutional right to that end.

I was importuned by friends in various military organizations to become a member, but declined until Virginia in her severign capacity passed the act of secession April 17th, 1861.

Prior to the call of President Lincoln on Virginia, to furnish her quota of military troops to coerse the Southern States back into the Union, from which they had already seceded, the Convention at Richmond was overwhelmingly in favor of remaining peacefully in the Union. But when the gauntlet of war was cast into the arena of debate, it instantly changed this convention from its former peaceful attitude to one of defiance, and the act of secession promptly became a law.

The next morning I volunteered in the "B" Grays of Petersburg, and on the 20th of April, 1861, we boarded a train enroute to Norfolk. Our organization was then known as the "Petersburg Batillion" comprising two companies of Grays, A and B, each 108 men, the "City Guard," "Petersburg Rifles," and the "Nichols, Battery of Artillery." The whole of Petersburg seemed to have turned out on that eventful April morning to bid us farewell, and mingled with tears, banners and handkerchiefs waving, we sped away, over the Petersburg and Norfolk R. R., as it was then known.

We found Norfolk in wild excitement; the Gosport Navy Yard was burning, and soon after dark, a large man-of-war with a light swinging at every port-hole moved slowly, but majestically, down Elizabeth River to Fortress Monroe. We were quartered at various places for a few days, but finally crossed over to the Marine hospital, located at Ferry Point, now known as Berkeley.

Tents were scarce, and the men were permitted to make the best plans they could for sleeping accommodations. In our mess of five, were John Dunlop (known as English John); Donald Dunlop, Sam'l Hatcher, Pat McCulloch and myself.*

We rented a room near the grounds of the hospital, and, with mattresses lying on the floor, made ourselves fairly comfortable, for soldier life.

“English John,” however, wrote to Petersburg for his rubber mattress which he inflated with air, by means of a bellows. His brother Doncey and I were lying on our hard mattress, when Doncey whispered in my ear, “Phil, I am going to play a prank on John, as soon as he is sound asleep.” It was not long before John’s deep breathing gave evidence of his being “enveloped in the arms of Morpheus.” Doncey quietly and stealthily crept to the luxurious bed, and unscrewed the tap that let the air gradually escape, and put John to the floor. His head lowering first, caused sonorous sounds that amused us greatly, and it was all we could do to withhold our risibles, John’s discomfort finally awoke him, and, in his English brogue, said: “This blasted thing had sprung a leak.” Our snickering could not be suppressed, and, finding the tap off, he quickly conjectured that mischief was the cause. He entered into the joke with a humor that indicates a well-balanced mind, and he was soon again resting comfortably, with our assurance that noth-

*After the war closed John Dunlop commenced the practice of law and was counsel for Mr. Ginter, the wealthy tobacconist, of Richmond. He died in 1901. Donald Dunlop, living in Baltimore. Sam'l Hatcher was wounded at Manassas and died in Memphis. Pat McCulloch was killed in battle of Eleven Pines.

ing of the kind would again be perpetrated on him.

Soon after reaching Ferry Point I was placed on a detail to search for a supposed spy, who had been seen returning about daylight, for several mornings, from the direction of Fortress Monroe. The search was fruitless so far as finding the supposed spy was concerned.

The house was near the bank of the Elizabeth river, not far from a bridge, then known as Hardy's, that crossed a branch of the river, nearly opposite the present site of the Norfolk & Western passenger station. The detail, which was composed of a non-commissioned officer, and about six privates, as well as I can remember, passed the entire day in lounging about the bridge. I thought it a little singular that no post of duty was assigned to any one, but, as dark approached the sergeant placed me in the rear of the suspected house, and designated it as post No. 1. I walked my beat in true military form. It was my first experience on guard, and I expected to be relieved when two hours expired. As the clock in Norfolk dolefully struck ten, I expected every minute to hear the welcome "tramp, tramp" of the relief guard, but was sadly disappointed. After waiting for nearly half an hour I commenced to call for the corporal of the guard, post No. 1. In vain did I call, and the echo across the water seemed to laugh at my dilemma. I began to stagger like a man intoxicated, for want of sleep almost rendered me unconscious. A skiff that had been pulled up on the beach, out of reach of the advancing tide, offered an inviting seat, but I knew full well that, if I dared to take it I would be fast asleep in a few minutes, and I also knew enough of military law to be aware of the penalty put on a soldier found asleep at his post. The hour of eleven, and then the monotonous strokes of twelve, came sounding dolefully over the calm waters of the river, and yet no relief. The flowing tide crept slowly up the sandy beach, the seeping, sipping sound broke soothingly on my nerves, while an occasional splash from sportive crabs, or some big fish chasing a smaller one, gave me a momentary shock, as I staggered along my lonely beat. A light

fog had settled over the water, obscuring the lights of Norfolk, and the mercury commenced to drop, making it necessary to quicken my step to keep up a good circulation. I have frequently been tempted to calculate the number of miles I must have walked that night.

Soon after the Norfolk clock had sounded two, a lumber yard in Portsmouth sent a lurid light through the thickening fog, and the flames could be seen darting their fiery tongues above the gray mist. The light awakened the inmates of the house, and I could hear slurring remarks made about the sentinel on the beach. They were all females and children, therefore, no resentment could be made of their remarks, as they poked their heads from the second story window. In about an hour the light died away, and the darkness seemed blacker than before, though there was enough light to enable me to observe objects fifteen or twenty feet distant. I felt a shock, as I dimly saw the outlines of an object crouching close to the house wall, and apparently stealthily approaching me. Instantly my musket was "to port" and the challenge rang clear through the night air, "Who comes there?" but no reply followed. Again the challenge was given, with same results. Then placing my gun, I was about to draw bead, when a large Newfoundland dog gave a vigorous shake, as if to assure me that he meant no harm. It was a great relief to feel that I had not murdered a poor innocent dog. This incident so startled me that it served to keep me awake the rest of the night, and, an hour later, the gray streaks of the eastern sky, gave the welcome sign of daybreak.

As soon as it was light, I availed myself of the use of a pump in the yard. On the platform surrounding it was a tin basin, in which I put fresh water, and arranged my handkerchief for a towel. As I stooped to bathe a sudden gust of wind blew the cape of my overcoat over my head, and I made a lunge for my musket, thinking someone was in the act of siezing me.

When the sun arose, I felt at liberty to leave my post and report to the captain of my company, who, in mili-

tary routine reported the matter to Major Weisiger, and I suppose the non-commissioned officer was reprimanded.

A few days later our batillion was sent to a spot opposite Gosport Navy Yard, called at that time "St. Helena" (now used by U. S. Government as a drill ground), where a large number of columbiads had all been spiked. We were provided with axes, mattocks, etc., and told to clear away the undergrowth. While thus engaged, Orderly Sergeant Chas. Friend informed me that Major Weisiger wished me to report at his tent at once. I did not have to be reminded again, for I was only too glad to relinquish the job I then had.

On entering the Major's tent he handed me an official envelope and told me to take it to Colonel Anderson, chief of General Huger's staff, in the custom house, over in Norfolk. A ferryman soon rowed me across the river. On presenting the document to Colonel Anderson, he wrote a line or so on it, and told me to take it to Col. J. C. Pemberton (later promoted to Brigadier General and Major General), chief of ordinance on the floor above. I found this officer busily engaged with several artillery officers. When an opportunity offered, I handed the paper to him. After reading it, he courteously bade me to be seated. I was still grossly ignorant of the purport of the message, and supposed Colonel Pemberton was writing a reply. When through, he told me to write five copies of a general order relating to requisitions for artillery supplies. This gave me the first insight to my position, and made me feel quite elated to be removed from the hardships of camp life to a nice office in the custom house.

I found Colonel Pemberton to be a thorough gentleman, who, though born in Philadelphia, had married a Norfolk lady, and determined to throw his destiny with the South. He was a distinguished graduate of West Point, and was serving in the regular army when the war commenced. In less than two months after I was assigned to his office he was promoted to Brigadier General, and ordered to Smithfield, in command of the First Brig-

ade of Huger's Division. I was left in charge of his office in the custom house for several weeks, until Capt. W. V. Taylor was appointed ordinance officer. I have always thought that my selection to this place by Colonel Weisiger was due to my remaining on post without relief for ten consecutive hours.

After the appointment of Captain Taylor, General Pemberton sent for me to come to Smithfield, where I was assigned to duty in the office of his adjutant general, Capt. Horace Morrison. I found Smithfield to be a most charming spot. The sociability of the cultured people, both young and old, captivated me, and I was loath to leave, when General Pemberton was again promoted to lieutenant general, and sent to Pocatigo, S. C., Gen. Colston took command, after the departure of General Pemberton, and I returned to Captain Taylor in Norfolk, and remained with him until the evacuation of that City.

When the weather permitted, I would go out to the entrenched camp, on Harrison's farm, on Saturday afternoons, and spend Sunday with my comrades. It was on one of these visits, when the Merrimac made its attack and sunk the Congress and Cumberland. Sunday morning, nearly the entire camp made its way to a place between Sewell's and Lambert's Points, and witnessed the Naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The Minnesota was aground in shoal water, but continued to fire on the Merrimac. My duties in the ordinance department frequently called me to the Navy Yard, and I always felt a great interest in this iron craft, and never failed to visit it. I also visited all places where batteries were placed, to obtain a report of the ammunition, etc., on hand. It is not generally known that we had two immense masked guns mounted at Sewell's Point. I am under the impression we never used them.

On the roof of the Custom House was a signal station in charge of Capt. "Jim" Milligan, and I frequently spent an hour or two in the afternoon watching the two blockading ships; Congress and Cumberland, at the

mouth of the James river, which were later destroyed by the Merrimac.

In April, 1862, I left Norfolk on the last train that left the city, amid great excitement. The Navy Yard was on fire, and the barracks of the entrenched camp, a few miles out of the city was also on fire. The man who applied the torch to the latter, dashed up to the train as it was moving off, and left his horse riderless, on the side of Lake Mahone. This lake has since been filled in, and several railroad tracks pass over the former space. It was after dark when our train arrived in Petersburg. Our feelings were not so boyant and hopeful as when we left the same place a little more than a year before.

After remaining in Petersburg a week or ten days, our office was removed to Richmond. The battle of Seven Pines coming off soon after our arrival, and meeting many of my company comrades, some of whom were wounded in this battle, I determined to rejoin my command, then located in White Oak Swamp, about fifteen miles below Richmond, on the Chickahominy river. My determination to do so, came about after thinking seriously over what my record would be when the war closed, and I could only show a "bomb-proof position." The next morning I shouldered my musket and started off to find the 12th Virginia Regiment. I had a long and wearisome journey, that hot June day, and, when I entered camp in the afternoon a crowd soon surrounded me, to know what induced me to give up such a position. I told them that I could not bear to have it recorded in the history of this war, that I did not share in any of the honors of the field, and its hardships. Some of the comrades laughingly remarked they would willingly pay a thousand dollars for such a soft place.

I found many sick, supposedly to be the result of impure drinking water, as nearly every mess owned a spring, or, more properly speaking, a miniature well made by excavating about two feet of earth, and finding one foot of pure looking water. We were poorly supplied with tents, and very much crowded.

Every morning, before daylight, a full company was detailed to pass our picket line, and "feel the enemy," the object being to prevent their slipping off without our knowledge. It came to our turn about once a week, and, as we moved off in the dim light of dawning day, we were not permitted to carry a canteen, or speak a word above a whisper, after passing our pickets, the intention being to move up as stealthily as possible to the enemy's picket line. Frequently, we would approach within a few yards of them, before we were discovered, when a quick challenge would come, followed by a volley from their rifles. We seldom had anyone hurt, for they would fire at random, then "skeeaddaddle," and we would return to our camp in time to get breakfast. This was kept up until June 25th, when certain activities in camp gave evidence of approaching trouble. On the night of the 24th, our picket line was extended half a mile beyond its former position, but not until some time after dark, the utmost quiet being observed, and instructions given in a whisper, from one to the other. Our challenge was changed from, "Who comes there?" to a low whistle, and the countersign was two low whistles. Instructions were to fire on anyone who did not give this signal. We were deployed to the left of the Darbytown road, through a dense forest, and placed two and two, at intervals of about twenty steps. It proved a long and weary watch, without incident, save the rushing sound of an immense rocket as it soared on high, through the darkened sky, and exploded when nearly out of sight. My companion and I grew quite nervous, fearing it was some signal of the enemy to make an attack, but, later, on our return to camp, learned that it was our signal corps notifying Stonewall Jackson, who was then arriving at Hanover Court House, where the right wing of our forces were located.

On the morning of June 25th, 1862, we broke camp, in the White Oak Swamp, and marched cautiously down the Darbytown road, for about two miles, when we deployed to the left and formed into line behind a lot of

trees that had been cut, the sharp edges of which were pointing from us. This, I suppose, was done by our engineering corps, to protect us from an anticipated attack, but it was late in the afternoon before the enemy made their appearance, and they were content to keep shy of our formidable abattis, but unlimbered several pieces of artillery and opened fire on us. After a few shots were made, a command on our extreme right made a rush, and captured two of their guns, and then the order was given for us to follow into the fray. We double-quickened to a point beyond where the two pieces were captured, and halted on the edge of a thick growth of small pines, where a worn fence extended along the border. We could not see the enemy, but the bullets were knocking the bark from the small pines. In a few minutes, someone called out, "Look to the left! the yankees are flanking us!" A large body was seen, double-quickening to our rear, evidently trying to cut us off from the main corps, as only a battalion had been rushed to the point near the pines. We were ordered to "fall back" and, as we did so, fresh troops came to our rescue, and the enemy wheeled and fled faster than they came.

This was my first experience under fire, and my nerves tingled so, that night, that it was very late before I could fall asleep. Our bed was on the ground, with a rubber cloth to lie on.

Next morning, we learned that, while we were making an attack on the enemy's extreme left wing, General Jackson had thrown his forces against McClellan's right, at Mechanicsville, and doubled them up in such form, as to hurl them in a pell mell rout.

As well as I remember, we returned to our "White Oak Swamp" camp, and remained until the morning of the 27th when we left it forever. We were deployed, in line of battle, through the woods on the left of the Darbytown road. No doubt, other forces were marching in the same order on the right of this road, but, as to this, I do not know. I do know, however, that, by a sharp turn in the roadway, our right wing was forced across, when

suddenly a volley of musketry was popped away at it. As our colors were not in view, we were mistaken for the enemy, and haste was made to display them. Fortunately, the bullets did not reach us, and, after a short delay, we again started on our march.

A short while before dark, our picket line, that was about thirty yards in our front, was fired upon by the enemy. The bullets whistled over our heads, and the dry twigs from the pine trees dropped in profusion, but no one was hurt.

We camped for the night, sleeping in the woods. The next morning, we resumed our line of march, but, owing to the topography of the country, our column kept the roadway. Soon, we encountered large trees that had been cut, and lapped across the road by the enemy, but our engineer corps, which preceded us, had them removed. We also discovered that a force of our cavalry was in our front, and consternation was produced for a few minutes, when we had to hastily clear the road to prevent being trampled over. They came at a rapid gallop, and passed to our rear. We thought they were "showing the white feather," and very uncomplimentary remarks were thrown at them. Later, we learned that it was a ruse to draw the enemy into an ambush but they did not drop into it.

Our progress had been very slow this day, and the day following was laggardly pushed along.

Rumors were current that Jackson's command had routed the enemy, and that they were in a panic, retreating down the Charles City road. In the afternoon, we had evidence of a complete rout: knapsacks were scattered along the way, rifles were thrown down, or broken by striking the butts against trees, and blankets and camp equipage marked their utter panic.

In the afternoon of the 1st of July, weary and dust-covered, sweltering under the hot sun, we could hear the distant booming of cannon. Orders must have arrived for us to hasten on as we made better time than on any previous day. Near four o'clock, we debouched in an

open field on our left, and crossed it at right oblique, passing a battery, the guns of which were still smoking but temporarily quiet. An exploded caisson gave evidence of hot work.

The 12th Virginia formed a part of Mahone's Brigade. The others, as well as I remember, were the 6th, 16th and 41st. We were halted immediately in front of a wooded crest, that overlooked a deep ravine.

I suppose ten minutes elapsed before General Magruder, followed by a retinue of aids, galloped up to General Mahone, and, in a loud voice, commanded him to hold the position he then occupied, but returned in a few minutes and ordered Mahone to charge, and capture the enemy's batteries, in our front, at all hazards. General Mahone then ordered regiments, right and left, to close on the center, unsling knapsacks, and prepare to charge. This command was repeated all along the line.

Knapsacks had been found cumbersome on our march, and were generally abandoned. We had come into possession of neat rubber cloths thrown away by the Federal army on its hasty retreat and our blanket, with change of clothing, was wrapped in this, the two ends tied, and thrown over our left shoulder, passing diagonally over the breast, to the right hip. This enabled us to keep our blanket and change of clothing with us on the firing line, and proved a great blessing to us that night, as will be mentioned hereafter.

General Mahone and some of his staff left us for a short time to reconnoitre the lay of the land over which we were to make the charge. And it was well he did. In place of leading us over the plateau just over the ravine, where the ground was literally strewn with the killed and wounded of five brigades, which had charged these batteries before our arrival, and had been repulsed with fearful loss, we were moved into the skirt of the woods, then down the course of a little stream that was now discolored with the blood of the wounded men who were able to crawl to it.

On reaching the foot hills of the plateau mentioned,

we marched at the base with a meadow on our right about one-fourth of a mile wide, on the skirts of which was a dense forest. Here the enemy's sharp shooters were located, but their fire was very inaccurate; and, I think, only one of our command (Lieut. Anthony Keely) was wounded, until we reached the top of the hill on which over two hundred cannon were planted.

When we started on the move, at the base of the plateau, we encountered such large brier bushes, that our military organization was thoroughly broken, and every man rushed forward as best he could.

Our line pushed a short distance over the crest, but the fire of the enemy became so hot, we were forced to take refuge just under the brow; and from this place of vantage, we continued to rise and fire, then to drop down to reload. We were then using the Springfield musket of sixty-nine calibre. Three buckshots were fastened in front of the ball. We tore the paper powder ends off with our teeth, then rammed the charge home with the rod, and last placed the percussion cap on the tube. All this required time and caution.

The dense smoke from the rapid artillery and musketry fire formed a canopy and would occasionally obstruct a view of the enemy.

Close by me on the right, stood LeRoy Edwards, of the Richmond Grays. Symington, of the same Company, received a bullet in his head and dropped dead close by. Blanks of the city guards also fell near me with a bullet through his heart. Lieutenant George Hawks, of Company C, was shot through his lungs and Sergeant Ben Grasset was badly wounded.

There were many others, but I can't recall their names.

The roar of the artillery was such, that our firing was hardly audible. When night came on, I had only five cartridges left; which indicated that my musket had been discharged twenty-seven times at the enemy.

After dark, while our line remained under the crest of Malvern Hill, the artillery of the enemy continued

sending shot and shell far to our rear. The blazing sabot illumined the sky, and shed a weird light over the ghastly field strewn with the dead and dying of the chivalry of the South, screams and groans, mingled with the roar of guns, made a sickening sound that can never be forgotten.

About nine o'clock, the artillery fire had ceased, and the Federals, with innumerable lanterns, were searching our front, for their dead and wounded.

Our line, on first ascending the hill, pushed thirty or forty yards over the crest, and one of our color guard was shot through the hip, and left where he fell. Others may have been killed or wounded, but it was impossible to tell. I only know that, with three other companions, we ventured through our picket line, in search of the above mentioned comrade. The enemy, with their lanterns, looked as numerous as lightning bugs, in a meadow, on a June night, and, being only about fifty yards distant, the reflected light aided us to find our companion. We had nothing but a rubber cloth to place beneath, and, in attempting to raise him, the pain was so great, that he screamed in agony, "Put me down! Put me down!" Our efforts, in subdued tones, to quiet him, attracted the attention of the guard attending the Federal ambulance corps, and a quick fire of musketry opened upon us. We laid down beside our wounded friend, to avoid the flying bullets, which fortunately, passed harmlessly by.

In the meantime, our picket line resented the fire from the Federal front, and returned it with energy. For a few minutes, it had every appearance of a night battle.

We covered our companion with a blanket, and commenced a perilous return to our command. The night was very dark, and that, with the excited condition of our picket line, made it necessary to approach very cautiously. Crawling stealthily, and in a whisper saying, 'Twelfth Virginia! Twelfth Virginia!', we finally passed into our lines again.

Soon after our return, we were confident fresh troops were coming to our assistance, caused by the pickets firing at each other. The command, "Forward, Guide center!

Charge!" rang clear above the groans and screams of the wounded; but this proved to be some officer in the delirium of pain, repeating no doubt, the last order before being wounded.

I can readily recall seeing General William Mahone and General Wright of Georgia standing by a small fire, at the side of a gully, short distance in our rear. This was about ten o'clock, and it had grown quite chilly. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have rubber cloths, found them very useful before morning, as it commenced raining, and, before daylight, the ground was saturated where we had slept.

Soon after daybreak, we looked over the brow of the hill, where we could plainly see a line of cavalry facing us. They had on long overcoats, with broad capes, and looked fierce and formidable, causing a feeling of uneasiness, for we were in too sad a plight to resist a charge. Shortly afterwards, we heard the tramping of horses and the jingling of swords; to our delight they were retreating from the field, and this raised our drooping spirits to a point of enthusiasm, as it left us the victors.

During the night, we had seen signals moving up and down on what we supposed to be signal towers, but, with daylight, found the enemy's gun boats were in the river below, and this accounted for some of the immense shells that exploded during the battle of the previous afternoon.

Before leaving the field, that rainy morning, many of us walked over a portion of the ground where the battle had raged fiercest. At some places, we found Southern dead among the Northern, showing where the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Near a gate that opened from the woods, to the plateau, was where one of our batteries opened but met with disaster, as every horse seemed to have been killed, and several pieces dismantled, and a large number of men lying stiff and cold in death.

When we marched about one mile back, to prepare our breakfast, we passed many ghastly sights, of men evidently struck by fragments of shell, or solid shot, tearing away the face from the body, others in a sitting pos-

ture, with head thrown back, and the rain dripping from their cold, pallid features. Oh, who can wish for war, when such scenes are burnt into the brain! My eyes are dim with tears as I recall these heartrending scenes.

After arms were stacked, ranks were broken, to obtain what we could, for breakfast. Our commissary had been enriched by many articles captured from the enemy; and we fared comparatively well. Owing to the cold and wet clothing, a gill of whiskey was issued to each man. It was the first time I ever swallowed a drink of straight whiskey, but it did me a sight of good, for it warmed my system, and gave courage to hunt up wood. Soon a rousing fire dried our clothing, and appetites were sharp for breakfast.

As well as I remember, the rain continued at intervals, for two days; and, on the third, our command was marched to the south side of James river, crossing on a pontoon bridge, not far from Drewry's Bluff. We remained there untill the middle of August, 1862, when we marched over the Petersburg turnpike, into Richmond where we boarded box freight cars, and landed at Louisa Court House about ten o'clock at night. No provision for seats were in the box cars; consequently, we had to stand or sit on the floor, a very uncomfortable position, you may know.

On arriving at the point above mentioned, we were permitted to find a resting place wherever we could. My file-closing companion, Sam Hatcher, and I spread our rubber cloths (one on the floor, the other to cover with,) on the porch of a store near the railroad, and were soon in a sound sleep.

About ten o'clock next morning, we were marching through the "Green Spring section, and, just before noon, while the command was enjoying a few minutes, a lad of about fourteen years old, on horseback, with a basket in front rode leisurely along the line stopping at intervals, making an inquiry. When about twenty yards away. I heard my name called, and at once recognized my young friend, B. Rush Cowherd, of Columbia, who was on a visit

to his aunt, Miss Amanda Smoot, and had been commissioned by her, to take a basket of daintily prepared provisions, and a bottle of fresh buttermilk, to the writer. I will not deny that my pen had informed her of the fact, that the command to which I was attached, would pass through her county, and her thoughtful kindness, in remembering me in such a generous way, has often been the source of happy thoughts of those eventful days. Selecting a few of my intimate companions, we repaired to a nearby spring, and enjoyed the tempting viands, all voting a thousand thanks to the fair donor and the noble little messenger, who is now a matured man of family, and a bank president in Columbia.

Our march through Louisa, Orange, Culpepper, Rapahannock, Fauquier, and Loudoun, where we crossed the Potomac, a few miles north of Leesburg was attended with many hardships, which will be mentioned to the best of my recollection. Our daily marching over the hot and dusty roads blistered the back of our necks so, that it was painful to raise the head, and our warm clothing chafed our limbs to a pitiable condition, while our feet were tortured by the heat and dust to such an extent that we were forced to walk in bare feet with shoes tied together, and thrown over our rifles. You will observe that we were now armed with Enfield rifles, most of which were the trophies of war, captured from the enemy during the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond. While marching under the sweltering August skies, some wag would exclaim, 'O, my country, how I bleed for thee!' Immediately it would be taken up, and repeated down the line, then back again, but never in a seditious or complaining way, for a trurer or more loyal set of men never marched beneath a banner. Often the heat would become so unendurable, that a halt would be called, and rest taken until late in the afternoon, when we would resume our marching until late at night, and start again early in the morning. Frequently our wagon train was several days behind, owing to the congested condition of the roads, and

we had to subsist largely upon what we could obtain along the road.

I often wonder if Capt. Cameron, Adjt. of the 12th Virginia, remembers meeting me as I was emerging from a cornfield with my arms full of rather short roasting ears? Assuming as much dignity as possible, and trying to look very stern he said, "Phil, General Mahone has sent word to arrest every man found in this corfield." I smilingly handed him half a dozen of my trophies with the remark that "they are rather small, but hope you may enjoy them."

There was a mischevious twinkle in his eye that he could not conceal.

Four or five days after leaving Louisa Court House, we arrived at the little town of Jeffersonton, in Rappahannock, where we made several attempts to cross the river of the same name, but the enemy's artillery kept up a hot fire, and the impression gained upon us, that we were aiming to deceive the enemy by preteusions.

I recall very vividly, a days march through Culpeper, no water could be had along the road, and the dust had so completely covered us, that it was only by the voice that we could recognize one another. It was about nine or ten o'clock at night, when we reached the little village of Stevensburg, and a wild rush was made to secure drinking water.

So many troops were ahead of us that the wells were exhausted, and the bucket would have to remain at the bottom ten or fifteen minutes, before drawing, and then it had a milky color, as seen by the starlight.

Next morning on our line of march, we could see the body of a spy dangling from a tree on the roadside. Rumor said he brought General Jenkins a forged order, directing him to cross the Rapidan at another point than Raccoon Ford, which would have led our troops into an ambuscade.

As well as I can now remember, our next resting place was the little town of Jeffersonton, short distance South of the Rappahannock river.

Here we were informed that the advance guard of Pope's great army had arrived in Warrenton on the north side of the river, and it was not long before they sent over a few shell, as feelers.

Col. Frank Huger's battery was ordered to reply and the twelfth Virginia sent to its support while in action; the intervening forest prevented the gunners from seeing each other, therefore the enemy's shell came sailing through the sky at random (they were nearly spent) and waddled as if they would fall on our line, but happily they would pass some distance to our rear.

Late in the afternoon we left the little town, after making several feints as if we intended to force a passage of the river.

We marched in a northwestern direction, and shortly after dark, a light rain commencing to fall, we were halted, presumably for the night. Rubber cloths were stretched on sticks, stuck firmly in the ground and jolly songs were sung, as we dried the forest leaves around the fire, under our improvised shelter. In due course of time, we snugly laid down to rest, on our bed of leaves, and soon in a sound sleep. Then, suddenly, we were startled by the long rattle of the rolling drum, quickly formed into line, and marched off through the drizzling rain, along a dark and muddy road. We forded the Rappahannock several miles above the place where we attempted to cross in the morning.

It was now realized that we were on a forced march, to turn the right flank of Pope's Grand Army, and we were making quick time. The third night after leaving Jeffersonson, we were passing through Thoroughfare Gap, and, about ten o'clock, the order was given to rest for two hours, but not to remove accoutrements. At midnight, we started off again, and continued our weary tramp, so exhausted we could hardly walk, and, when a tempoary halt was caused by some obstruction, our men would fall instantly to the ground for rest. Before daylight, we were passing over the battle ground of the day previous,

where Jackson's men had been pushing the enemy, and dead bodies could be seen every few yards .

Just as day was breaking, we were halted, and instantly sought rest in a skirt of pines along the roadside; and, I suppose, four-fifths of the men were asleep in three minutes. But our rest was of short duration: in a whisper down the line, came the word that we were on our advanced picket line, and the enemy, in large numbers, was not fifty yards away. We were ordered to keep in the woods, holding hands on canteens, to prevent sounds, and fall back, without speaking a word above a whisper. We retraced our weary steps about one and a half miles and stacked arms, with the hope of getting breakfast.

So far as I was concerned, I had no appetite for several days. I was suffering from jaundice, the whites of my eyes had a yellow hue, and my complexion, also, was affected the same way. My companions urged me to take the hospital ambulance, but at a time when a battle was imminent, I felt that my honor would be lost, if I did so. However, if my appetite had been good, I would not have gotten my breakfast.

As the order was about to be given to "break ranks" a courier rode up, with a dispatch to General Mahone, and, in place of breaking ranks, we were to retake arms and march again over ground we had twice covered the same morning. But this time we were only moved half the distance of our early adventure. We were formed in a long line of battle with other brigades on our right and left.

Half a mile in our front could be seen another long line of battle, stretching over the undulating hills, then hid from sight by intervening knolls and valleys, rising in sinuous shape, far away to the right and left. Now and then a battery of artillery would gallop to some prominent point, and a rapid duel of field pieces made a thrilling prelude to the great Second Battle of Manassas, that was soon to be fought.

For five or more hours, we laid in the broiling hot sun,

in this long line, so weary that many of us slept half the time.

About three o'clock some one exclaimed, "There goes General Jackson!" He was riding leisurly along our front. We regarded him as our guiding star to victory, in the approaching conflict, and his weather-beaten uniform gave hope and encouragement to our anxious minds. Soon after, General J. E. B. Stuart, and other distinguished generals passed by; and it was rumored, that General Lee had just finished holding a conference with his division commanders, and the battle would soon be fought. General Stuart was riding a magnificent horse, with handsome trappings, that was captured from General Pope the day previous.

While lying on this line awaiting orders, great clouds of dust could be seen rolling above the tree tops several miles distant, marking plainly the movement of the enemy in deploying their forces.

In less than two hours after this conference, a loud roar of artillery came from our left, quickly followed by the rattle of musketry and a prolonged yell gave a note of determined victory. Shortly thereafter, the long line of battle in our front, moved off to mingle in the deadly fray. The artillery and infantry on our center line were soon popping away, in dead earnest; and now came the order for our advance.

We had moved a short distance beyond where the first line of battle had been resting, when the enemy's artillery commenced sending a few shells into our ranks. A detail of three men was ordered to take care of such belongings of the regiments as could not be carried into action. Captain Lewis Marks, our company captain, knowing my physical condition, from the attack of jaundice, detailed me as one. I felt inclined to object, but remembering that it was the duty of a soldier to obey orders, I saw the gallant Twelfth move off into the charge, and I saw for the last time many of my dear comrades. Some who were not so badly wounded, came limping in, among the number my dear comrade, Samuel Hatcher, shot

through the instep, and using a stick, to hop along on one foot. Though badly wounded, he wore a smile, as he said, "Phil, I have my furlough wound, and am going back to Petersburg." At the time, he did not know that his brother Virg was then lying dead on the battle field.

The casualties of the Twelfth Virginia were very heavy. Our Brigadier, Gen. Wm. Mahone, was wounded, also Col. Weisiger and Captain Wm. E. Cameron, Adjutant of this 12th. Major David May, was killed, the loss in killed and wounded was several hundred. When Mrs. Mahone was told that the General had only received a flesh wound, she replied in a spirited manner, "You are deceiving me, for if a bullet struck him, it must have hit a bone."

When night came on we were not close enough to the battlefield to be disturbed by the wounded. It was a lonely vigil that Sidney Jones, Gus Durphy and I had that memorable night.

Before going to sleep, I deemed it wise to save a few coals for a fire next morning as we had used the only match in our party, to start our evening fire. In raking up the ashes to cover the coals some cartridges accidentally were caught up, and their explosion burnt my right thumb, and singed my eye-brows.

We made our breakfast of hardtack, boiled in a tin cup, with a small piece of bacon, a dish that had become famous on the march, and known as "cush".

After turning over to the wagon train the belongings that were left with us the evening before, we started off to overtake our command. In doing so, we saw the horrors of the evening previous. The ambulance corps of the enemy had been given permission to enter our lines, and care for their dead and wounded. The fields and roadway were strewn with them, and many sickening sights were seen. In several places the limbs and heads had been severed from the body by the artillery wheels, or mashed into a mangled mass by the hoofs of the cavalry trampling over them. At other places, we counted where more than

thirty bullets had struck a tree of not more than eight inches diameter, and in the height of a man.

It was two days before we could overtake our command, as the line of battle, before night, had been pushed several miles from the point of first attack, and the regiment had one day start of us.

When we camped on Goose Creek, a few miles from Leesburg, John Pritchard and I obtained permission to go into town to provide a few articles for our mess, and, as it was nearly sunset when we left, it was understood that our return would be next morning. After purchasing tobacco and a small quantity of sugar and coffee, we sought rest on the lawn of a beautiful mansion, and were soon in a sound slumber, from which we were awakened by the music of several regimental bands passing through the town at the head of their commands. We little dreamed that ours was among the number, but so it was, and we marched off to overtake it. We forded the Potomac at Williams' crossing (I think that was the name) about ten A. M., and after dark arrived on the banks of Monocacy River, and still we had not overtaken our regiment.

We were afraid to venture in the water not knowing its depth, and the September nights were growing cool. Leaving the road and entering the tall timber along the banks, we came to a stop where we found many others were halted in a like manner.

At last we found a suitable resting place. I took the precaution to unbuckle my bayonet belt, and pass it under my head for pillow, the bayonet scabbard under my rubber cloth, we were so exhausted from our long days march, that our sleep must have been very sound, for, when I awakened, the sun was up, and my head flat on the ground. My belt had been unbuckled, and the bundle stolen from under my head. Did I grow angry? Well, if my dear comrade, John Pritchard, is still alive, I would like for him to answer this! Fortunately for my sense of honor, no money had been given me to buy these articles, and the loss was therefore, all my own.

Without a mouthful of breakfast, we forded the stream, it was not deep, and trudged along the dusty road and during the morning came to another point of the same river, where the railroad crossed on an iron bridge, and found it was being destroyed by some artillery command, to prevent its use by the enemy.

Before night, we were once more in the ranks of our own command, and felt a great relief.

Very strict orders had been given by General Lee, that no property of any kind should be disturbed, in passing through the enemy's country, and, as our wagon train was some distance in the rear, our rations were cut very short.

Apples and green corn (when it could be had) were our principal diet.

We passed through Frederick City on the morning of September 12, 1862, and the Twelfth Virginia made a handsome spectacle, as we marched through the streets, open order, arms resting on knapsacks. By this manoeuvre four men abreast extended across the street, and caused our force to look much larger than it really was.

Our next stopping point was the little town of Burkettsville, where we rested over night, and, Saturday, marched through Crampton's Gap, in South Mountain and camped in Pleasant Valley.

Sunday, September 14th, we received orders to retrace our march, recrossing South Mountain, to defend the Gap against Franklin's Corps, which was aiming to relieve the siege of Harper's Ferry. I was nearly a mile from camp hunting for milk and bread, when I heard the drum corps beating the "long roll" and had to run fast to be in line when my name was called.

The 12th was under the command of Lieutenant Col. Field, as Lieutenant Col. Fielding Taylor, though ill, was on the firing line and received a mortal wound.

John Crow of the Rifles, saved Col. Taylor's gold head cane by sticking it in the muzzle of his rifle as he retreated up the mountain.

All this was learned after my return from the North.

I also learned that Leslie Spence, Ned Aikin, Captain Patterson and John Laughton were wounded same evening.

As we descended the mountain, we could see, in the distance clouds of dust rising above the trees on the several roads leading to this point. Such an ominous sight made us feel that in a few hours a battle would be fought.

I have never known how the 6th, 16th and 41st regiments were placed along the base of the mountain. I only know that the 12th was where the road diverged, right and left, at the base. We were deployed eight feet apart, in order to extend our line as far as possible. We were behind a rail fence, with just enough distance from the road to lie down at full length, and rest our rifles on a low rail, where good aim could be taken. I suppose we were in position nearly an hour before the enemy's advance column appeared in our front, about two hundred yards distant, was another rail fence a freshly fallowed field lying between us. We had strict orders, not to fire until the enemy was in good rifle range.

For fully ten or fifteen minutes after arriving at the point mentioned, they hesitated to make a charge on us, Finally, a great cheering, as if greeting some welcome re-inforcements, swelled along the line, and over the fence they clambered, and started for us at double quick time. When they had advanced about fifty yards, a deadly rifle fire hurled them back, leaving a line of killed and wounded. By the time they reached the point from which they started, another volley was poured into them. From these two opposite points, a desultory fire was kept for some time. Then another great cheering (more fresh troops) and over the fence they came again.

I was in the act of firing my rifle when the cheering commenced; and, seeing an officer with his hat lifted on the point of his sword, as he mounted the fence, I took deliberate aim, but the smoke of my rifle prevented my seeing what effect it had. I do know, however, that they moved only a few feet before they doubled back, and kept up their fire from behind the fence.

In the meantime, a battery of artillery, in our rear was delivering a plunging fire of shot and shell into their ranks. Their force outnumbered our own so greatly, that while we were holding them back in our front, they had lapped around our right and left for some distance; when at a given signal, they made a desperate rush upon our line. Though we popped our rifles as rapidly as possible, it seemed evident that we would soon be overwhelmed.

When they were about twenty yards distant, I was shot in the left arm, about three inches below the elbow, the bullet passing between the two bones, then through the elbow joint, and lodged in the muscle of the arm. I do not know whether it was the excitement, or what, but I felt no more pain at the time, than if a brush had hit me, but the blood trickling to my finger tips, and the utter uselessness of, or inability to move the arm, made me realize that it was broken, and, before the enemy reached the fence, I pulled myself into the road.

At this moment, Cobb's Georgians came to our relief, and enabled all who could, to escape, for they halted the enemy at the fence from which we had, only a few minutes before, been firing at them. While lying in the wheel rut of this road, with the Yankee guns not more than ten feet to my left, my face resting on my bloodcovered hand, I could not help thinking of the shocking sights seen after the battle of Manassas, for, should a battery of artillery, or a squadron of cavalry, move, I would be ground or trampled into an unrecognizable mass.

For fully ten minutes the bullets were hissing near my ears, and, as soon as the enemy crossed over this road, I held my shattered arm in my right, and took refuge in an old cooper shop near the roadside, where a number of Federal soldiers were making good use of several barrels of fresh cider. I passed by them, and seated myself on the back sill feeling quite faint from the loss of blood.

I was not there more than a minute when one of the number brought me a tin cup of the cider, addressing me as "Johnnie." He seemed very much interested in my condition, and insisted on going with me, to have my

wound attended to. I was utterly amazed at this mark of kindness, and I soon followed him over the field, where many evidences of the effectiveness of our fire was seen.

About midway, my eyes rested on the finest canteen I had ever seen, and I hardly thought it would be a violation of the Tenth Commandment, if I asked him to appropriate it for my use, and this he most cheerfully did.

I was taken to five operating "field" hospitals before a surgeon could be found, who could spare the time from their great number of wounded, to attend to me. In an apple orchard, near a brick house, about one mile in the rear of the battle-field, a very noble and kindly disposed Federal surgeon, about sixty years old, with a sharp knife ripped my sleeve open, and cut it off about two inches below the shoulder. Then for the first time, I knew the course of the bullet heretofore mentioned. He wished me placed under the influence of chloroform, as it would be exceedingly painful to extract the bullet so firmly embedded in the muscles.

I objected to this, and told him I preferred to stand the pain. An incision about two inches long was made through the ligaments, and fastening the forceps on the bullet, they failed to remove it, until the fourth or fifth effort. When it yielded to his strong arm, the blood flew in all directions. He crammed a bunch of lint into the opening. The next minute, everything turned pitch dark and I lost consciousness for several minutes. When I recovered this kind doctor was bathing my face in cool water, and had such a sympathetic countenance, that I felt that he was a friend. He remarked, in a pleasant manner, "Young man, you stood the operation bravely, but you pinched my leg blue." After placing the bullet in a pan of water to wash off the blood, he handed it to me with the remark, "You can now see why that bullet was so difficult to remove." The point was turned back like the brim of a "rough and ready hat." My arm was neatly bandaged and I remained sitting, with my back resting against a tree in the apple orchard. The Union soldier who accompanied me from the battle-field, had remained

by me, and, as it was about sundown, he brought me a small bowl of corn meal gruel, which refreshed me very much.

A little while later, who should come up but one of my company comrades, W. C. Smith, who had been slightly wounded in the shoulder. He informed me that Thomas Morgan and George Bernard of the Petersburg Rifles, and Charlie Pritchard of my company, were wounded, and fellow prisoners, but I did not see them until next day.

I laid on the upper porch floor of the brick house that night, on a bed of loose straw, brought by this kind Federal soldier, who also brought a canteen of fresh water, which proved a great blessing, for my thirst was insatiate, and I could not sleep. On the same porch floor, with me, were six or seven wounded Federal soldiers, two or whom died before daybreak.

Next morning my soldier friend brought me another bowl of gruel and a cup of coffee.

About ten o'clock, all the wounded who were able to walk, were marched to Burkettesville, and a church was converted into a hospital.

Opening Guns of Sharpsburg.

After two days and one night in this crowded building, conditions became unpleasant. My comrade, W. C. Smith, and I, sought shelter in a wagon body, under a shed only a block from the church. Here it was that we heard the first cannon in the Sharpsburg battle, some miles away. I had slept but little. The artillery firing became quite rapid, and was soon after followed by unmistakable volleys of musketry.

My nerves began to tingle, so I called my soundly sleeping comrade, who was later, in a reunited country, destined to wear the uniform of Union Colonel. We listened with eager ears and anxious hearts to the ominous

*W. C. Smith, after the war, was a successful and noted architect, located at Nashville, Tenn.

He later became Colonel of the 1st Tennessee Regiment and lost his life in the Philippines.



BURNT DISTRICT OF RICHMOND AFTER EVACUATION. APRIL, 1865.



THE BURNT DISTRICT RESTORED. APRIL, 1912.

and thundering sounds that rolled over the undulating hills on that ever memorable 17th of September, 1862, when the battle of Sharpsburg traced its bloody drama on the pages of American history.

During the day, I lost sight of my friend and comrade, not to meet again for many months. A purer soul and more thorough gentleman never breathed than Colonel W. C. Smith, of whom General Charles King so charmingly writes: "He lived to lead an adoring regiment (First Tennessee) into action under the old flag, and his spirit went up in the smoke of the (Springfields) far across the Pacific."

About noon of the second day, I was put on the board, and bandages removed, and two doctors prepared to administer chloroform, and cut off my arm, but I objected vehemently, and rather reluctantly, they finally told me to go to my cot, and, later, they would look after my case. But I never gave them the chance to do so. Soon after returning to my cot, a gentleman came, and took a seat by me. He seemed interested in my behalf, for I had noticed his anxiety when the doctors were discussing the amputation of my arm. He spoke in a low tone of voice, telling me that he lived on the first corner below the church, after crossing, over the street, and that, in the back yard was a pump where many of the soldiers obtained water, and, if I would, in the course of an hour or two, pass into the back gate, ostensibly for water, and, if no one was about, I must go into the house, as he wished to save my arm, if it could possibly be done. I could only reply by a silent pressure of his hand for my heart was in my throat and I could not give utterance to my gratitude.

When I ventured to follow his instructions, I found his wife and her mother, Mrs. Harrison, ready to greet me with a warmth that made me feel very comfortable and grateful. I was in the hospital home of Doctor John Garrott, a native of Maryland, but whose wife was from Harrisonburg, Va., and two of her brothers were in the Army of Northern Virginia. I was given a neat, large

room, my arm resting on a soft pillow covered with a piece of oil cloth, as I had to bathe my wound every few minutes with cold water. There were three little children in the family, the oldest about nine years of age, and we soon became very much attached.

I found that Mrs. Garrott's house was the rendezvous of all the Southern-women sympathizers in that section, and often, eight or ten at a time would drop in to my room. Among the number, I recall Mrs. Claggett and her little daughter, Rose. The doctor was a surgeon in the Confederate army.

Dr. Garrott and all his family were as kind and considerate of my welfare as if I had been a relative; and, in due course of time, my wound commenced to heal and the desire to return South grew stronger each day.

Before leaving, however, I met with an act of kindness, on the part of Mrs. Giddings (I think that was her name), another Southern sympathizer, which I must mention. She had taken to her home in the country, George Bernard, of the Petersburg Rifles, and sent her carriage to Burkettsville for me to make him a visit. Truly, we had fallen into the hands of "good Samaritans."*

(Pardon a line of digression.) I have been informed that George Alfred Townsend, who acquired quite a reputation as a newspaper correspondent, under a nom de plume of "Garth," built a palatial residence on the summit of "Crampton's Gap," overlooking Pleasant Valley on one side and the battlefield at the base, near the little town of Burkettsville on the other.

The later part of October I bade farewell to my kind protectors, and went to the provost marshal's office for my parole. In company with about eight other Confederates of different commands, none of whom I knew, we were taken in a farm wagon, the body of which was filled with straw, to Frederick City. There, we were joined by

*George Barnard, after the war, practiced law in Petersburg successfully and published an interesting book under the title of "War Talks by Confederate Veterans."—died in the early spring of 1912.

a number of prisoners from other sections and placed in box cars, the conditions of which were so filthy that we could not sit down. Every one of us had been wounded, and had to stand, some on crutches, all the way to Baltimore, where I made two unsuccessful attempts to evade the guard in order to reach friends to whom I had letters of introduction. We were taken to Fort McHenry, and all of us were marched, in "Indian file" to an office where our names and the regiments to which we belonged, were registered.

From our entrance at the large gate, where we were formed in single file, to the office of registration, I observed a crowd of ten or more Yankee soldiers eyeing my uniform trousers. My sleevesless coat was left, as my only legacy, with kind Dr. Garrott, and I wore a citizen coat, into which I could only put my right arm, the left being in a sling. After our names were entered, ranks were broken, and we were at liberty to go about the grounds. As I walked off one of the party who had followed us from the entrance said "Where did you get that pair of our sergeant's pants? This made me very indignant, and I replied in a defiant manner, that the material of which they were made, was manufactured at the Crenshaw Woolen Mills, Richmond, Va., and, that before I would wear a pair of their vermin-infested sergeant's pants, I would go naked the rest of my life. Several rather caustic remarks passed, when one of the number cautioned me about being saucy and said, "If we dared to talk in that way when prisoners at the South, we would be hung up by the fingers." To which I replied that I had seen many hundreds of their prisoners at the South, and that those who could speak plain enough for me to understand, assured me, "they were serving only for the money that was in it", while we were fighting for our rights, guaranteed under the Federal Constitution.

Just before sundown, the sutler's wagon, with fresh warm rolls and cool milk, drove into the grounds, and while I desired to be among the first to secure such a luxury, I was afraid my arm might be injured in the

crowd. I therefore held back, until the rush was over. In the meantime, the sutler asked if any of the newly arrived prisoners were from Isle of Wight. As there was no response, I remarked that for several months I had been stationed at Smithfield, in Isle of Wight. He said his name was Vellines, and he knew pretty much everyone whose name I called, and this seemed to please him very much. When I tendered him the money for my two rolls (rusks, they called them) and glass of milk, he refused to accept it, and begged that I would come to his wagon as long as I remained at the fort.

As I rested that night in the long, two-story building, not acquainted with a single one of the many prisoners, a feeling of deep thankfulness came over me, for the many acts of kindness shown since I was wounded and a prisoner. In my prayers my grateful heart whispered to the recording angel how much I had been blessed, and I felt a reproach that the name of the Union soldier, also the name of the doctor who was so kind to me, the evening I was wounded, and for two days after, could not be remembered and I have never been able to secure them.

Next morning, I was sitting on a box in the bracing October sun, reading, when a rough soldier approached. Thinking he wished to speak to me, I looked into his tough face. He never noticed me, but caught one end of the box, and nearly upset me, as he jerked it way. An officer happened to see the act, and commanded him, in a severe tone, to replace the box instantly, for which I touched the brim of my cap in recognition of the courtesy.

The second day, we boarded the steamer Robert Y. Morris, via Fortress Monroe, to be exchanged at Varina, several miles below Richmond. There was something over one hundred prisoners on the steamer, but all were total strangers to me.

I roamed around, to see where I could lie down for rest. Seeing a trap door open, and workmen about, I remarked that, if there was no objection, I would like to rest on the sacks of oats in the hold below. I slept very

little, as my wound had not been dressed since leaving Burkettsville, and a throbbing pain set in.

At Varina, we left the United States transport, and went aboard a canal boat, which was towed to Richmond by a tug.

Before arriving there, it was announced that all the returning prisoners would be taken to Chimborazo Hospital, and quarantined for ten days. For the first time, on this trip, I felt glad that all were strangers, for I made up my mind to escape the quarantine if possible. I strolled to the bow of the boat, and, before the line was fastened, I stepped ashore, and moved off as rapidly as possible. I heard several calls, "Come back! Come back here!" But I did not do as Lot's wife, and pushed on to Main Street, where, fortunately, at the terminus of the car line, stood a coach, with two stub-tailed mules, ready to start. I experienced a feeling of infinite relief when

"The Bell rang out with a jangled quirk
And the stub-tailed mules went off with a jerk."

I soon reached the old American Hotel where the Berry clothing store now stands, on Main Street, and received a warm and affectionate reception from Colonel Jos. L. Carrington and his partner, Major Ben Ayres.

As quickly as possible, I was sent to Dr. Dunn, medical director in Richmond, for the army. He carefully removed the bandages. My arm was very much inflamed, fingers nearly double their normal size, and not a muscle could be moved. I observed an anxious expression on his face, as he examined the wound. After doing so, he said, "Phil, why is it the surgeons did not amputate this arm?" My reply was, that I had begged very hard for them not to do so. He shook his head doubtfully, and remarked that, in all probability, the joint would have to be resected, and two inches of bone, above and below the elbow taken out. It was then too late in the day, but, he said he would send me to the hospital next morning for a more thorough examination.

But next morning, I had placed twenty-two miles between us, for I went to Petersburg, where Colonel Carrington's family still remained at the Bollingbroke Hotel. Mr. Peyton Carrington, son of the Colonel was in charge and I was received with all kindness and consideration, as if I were a son. Dr. Lassiter, their own family physician, was sent for, and applied a large, warm flax seed poultice to the swollen joint, and, several hours later, opened the part where the ball entered, when at least a quart of pus discharged, which gave me great relief from the severe throbbing pain.

I can not resist mentioning the kind and sisterly affection shown me by the Colonel's eldest daughter, Miss Ella, who, later, married General I. M. St. John of the Confederate Army. Florence Nightingale was never any kinder, or nobler, than this dear woman, and, through all my life, a grateful heart has kept her in pleasant remembrance.

The weeks wore wearily along; my wound continued to suppurate, and my general health to decline. Therefore, in the opening of spring, I left Petersburg, and my good friends, for the home of my brother, Dr. Samuel P. Brown, "The Oaks", near Cartersville, Cumberland county.

Here, I may be pardoned for a short diversion from my story, to mention that at the early age of six years, I lost my mother, and, before I was ten years old, my father died, leaving two children, a sister and a brother younger than myself. My father and mother lie in St. John's Church yard, Columbia, and my grandfather and grandmother, both of English birth, lie in old St. John's Church yard, in Richmond, Va.

On arriving at my brother's, he made a very careful examination of my wound and said that some foreign substance must be the cause of the trouble. After carefully probing the wound, he thought the obstruction was touched. Inserting his forceps, he gently pulled from the wound a clot of my clothing and a small piece of bone,

the clothing having been carried in by the hot bullet when entering my arm.

My little niece, Edmonia, was standing by, when the ossified lump dropped from the wound, accompanied with a copious flow of blood. And such a yell of fright and alarm as she gave!

In a week's time my arm and fingers were reduced from their swollen appearance to a nearly normal condition, and commenced to show a healthy sign of healing. In about two months I could bear letting my arm out of the sling for an hour or two at a time.

I enjoyed visiting around the country and, though not able to return to active field service, I was summoned to appear before the examining board at Camp Lee, where I was given an honorable discharge from the Confederate service, Colonel Carrington at once gave me a clerkship at the hotel (American) heretofore mentioned, and, while my service in the Army of Northern Virginia had terminated, I was destined to have some thrilling experiences before the close of the war. As they relate to a period between the autumn of 1863 and April, 1865, I may be pardoned for introducing them here.

Several months after obtaining my discharge, in passing down Main Street, at the corner of Twelfth, I was intercepted by the provost-guard, who demanded my papers to show why I was not in the Army. With a smile, and a bow of deference to their authority, I proudly drew my discharge, expecting to be promptly passed on, but, to my utter amazement and discomfort, the guard said, "We must take you to Capt. John A. Coke's office, who will examine these papers." I protested, and asked if they could not read that it was an honorable discharge for wounds received in battle?

I felt humiliated to be standing on a main thoroughfare, between two soldiers who had probably never been on the firing line, and I said, "Very well I know Captain Coke, and will report there at once." But the guard said, "One of us must accompany you."

This was more than I could stand, to be marched

along Main Street to Captain Coke's office on Governor Street. Indignantly, I said, "You can follow ten steps behind, and, if I attempt to escape, shoot me down." He saw from my determined look, that every word was meant.

Captain Coke recognized me, on my own responsibility, to appear before the medical examining board at Camp Lee by three o'clock that afternoon. When I reported, the three doctors examined my wounded arm, and stated that the anchylose of the elbow joint would disqualify me from field duty, but I must be assigned to department work. It fell to my lot to be with Captain Thomas Tabb, who permitted me to obtain a substitute in the person of a man over sixty years, who was exempt from military service, and I returned to the American hotel for duty.

I must ask pardon for an unintentional omission. I met an old comrade a few days ago who said, "Well Phil, I have greatly enjoyed your memories, but you forgot to mention the artillery duel that occurred shortly before the Malvern Hill battle", I have occasion to remember it, because of an incident that occurred, while the exploding shells were knocking off the limbs of trees and throwing dirt over us, as we laid flat on the ground.

I observed my companion, John Crow, was chewing vigorously and seemed quite calm. I said to him, "John give me a piece of your tobacco (I had never had a piece in my mouth before); it will calm my nerves". About the time it commenced its bitter taste, a shell exploded a few feet away and gave me such a shock that I swallowed the quid, ambier and all. Then you can guess what happened. I was the sickest poor mortal on earth.

"Yes", I said, "and I am unable to account for the omission".

I also remember an incident connected with the artillery duel. We were lying a short distance to the right of our battery, when Col. Julian DeLagnel, who was Chief of Mahone's Artillery, rode in front of Twelfth Virginia, Colonel Weisiger arose and they conversed in an audible tone of incidents connected with the duel.

Colonel DeLagnel remarked that a few minutes ago, he recognized an old army acquaintance, Phil Kerney, as he leisurely rode about the Federal guns that were firing at us. Through his glasses he plainly recognized his features and the empty sleeve pinned to his breast.

Colonel DeLagnel was the calmest person I ever saw while the shells were popping all around us. After half an hour gun music, the Federal battery marched off and we resumed our approach to Malvern Hill.

It is with considerable reluctance that I mention the following exciting incidents, yet they form a part of the period embracing these reminiscences. Some quibbling cynic may say, "If the writer could so successfully defend himself, he should have been with the Army." In reply, let me say, it was never on my own initiative that these troubles occurred, and I would have been devoid of manhood had I not faced them. My reluctance to inflict a wrong, or to impose unjustly upon my fellow man, is in direct ratio with my determination never to tamely submit to the same, for my resentful nature is set on a hair trigger formation, whenever my honor is assailed, but I am as quick to forgive as to resent.

My first unpleasant affair occurred shortly after taking the position, heretofore mentioned. A guest made a request that required an examination of the hotel register. At the time, a flashy, blackmustached man, with a dazzling diamond pin scintillating from his scarf, stood with both hands holding fast to the sides of the register, on a revolving stand.

I remarked to him, that I wished to examine the register in order to answer an inquiry. In place of complying with my request, he gripped it tightly, and in an impudent tone said "you can wait until I am through with it." I resented this speech, by twisting the register from him, and answering the query of the guest. This infuriated the burly, black-moustached ruffian, and he fired some of his billingsgate language at me.

I reached under the counter for a police club, that was kept handy for sending to the front, and striking three-

times when a policeman was wanted. He observed my action, and remarked, "if you attempt to strike me I will go behind the counter, and wring your head off." He certainly looked large enough, and, so, far as physical strength was concerned, could possibly have carried out his threat.

He continued the examination, muttering a volume of blasphemy. Apparently, I was not paying any attention to his remarks, but I held the club with a firm grip, and, while he was giving vent to foul language I landed a blow that cut a gash over his eye. He seized the club and twisted it from me. I had previously opened the cash drawer, in which was kept a Colt revolver, and the instant I released the club I warned him, if he made any attempt to approach me, I would shoot him.

The instant I pulled the revolver on him, there was a quick scamper of the crowd, but he stood still, until Major Ayres took the club from him. He then shook his finger at me, and remarked, "I'll soon have you in 'Castle Thunder'; for I am one of General Winder's detectives." Major Ayres, hearing the threat, thought it prudent to consult the mayor, Joseph Mayo. In an hour or two the ruffian came in, with three others, and ordered me put on my hat that I was under arrest, and would be carried to 'Castle Thunder.' One of the number held a large revolver in his hand, and remarked, "If you had hit me over the head with that club, I would have emptied all the lead in this gun into you!" I paid no attention to his remarks, but told the man who said I must go with them, that I would not move an inch, and, if they carried me there, it would be by force alone.

At this critical moment, who should make his appearance, but his honor, the mayor, who told these four men, that he was the mayor of the city, and none of General Winder's men should touch me, that I had been a soldier, and honorably discharged from the army. He also said, "I have learned from my friend, Major Ayres, all the particulars of the affair, and I commend this young man for his courage, and, if necessary, summon a force to

protect him." Seeing they were blocked in their scheme they walked out of the office, and no further attempt was made to molest me.

My next experience occurred several months later, when a boy from the barber shop ran into the office, very much excited, and said, "Mr. Brown, come down to the bar quick! A man is about to kill Uncle Bob!" Bob Strachan was a respectable colored man whom Colonel Carrington had brought from Petersburg to attend the bar.

Before going, I placed in my right trouser pocket a small vest pocket "Derringer" pistol, and kept my hand on it. When I entered, Bob was standing with hands down, and a big, intoxicated soldier, with a huge knife fully eight inches long and two inches wide, wiping the flat side across Bob's throat, and abusing him unmercifully, while three of this ruffian's friends were standing by egging him on. With my right hand in my pocket, on the "Derringer," I walked up touched the man with my left and asked the cause of the disturbance. He wheeled around, in a defiant manner, with uplifted knife, and asked if I was the protector of this yellow—, if so, he would treat me as he would this—. I distinctly saw the evil in his eye, and determined not to let my nerve quiver. I told him that it was only in interest of peace that I came; but this did not satisfy him, and he ordered me to clear out at once. He appeared so fierce, that I thought he would plunge his knife into me. With my thumb, I gently raised the hammer of the "Derringer," to shoot through my trouser pocket. He dared me to draw a pistol, saying, he would cut my throat, if I did so.

When the barber shop boy first came to me in alarm, I instructed him to go in search of a policeman, and hurry him to the rescue, and, fortunately for all concerned, one appeared at the critical moment referred to above, and arrested the offender; thereby preventing a tragedy in which, no doubt, my life would have been lost.

Not many weeks after this adventure, I had another experience. This time, it was with a foreigner, who

claimed to be an instructor of cavalry, in the broadsword exercise. He was very much intoxicated, and wished to buy a meal ticket. It was positively against our rules to ever let an intoxicated man enter the dining-room, and my refusal to sell him a ticket, made him very angry. He finally whipped out a large revolver, and demanded a ticket, or he would shoot me.

As he did this who should come up, but Mr. H. Rives Pollard, who was a meal-boarder, and siezing the man by the arm, threated his arrest. Fortunately, he made a hasty exit, and I had to thank Mr. Pollard for his timely interference. This is the same Mr. Pollard who met such a tragic death when entering his editorial rooms soon after the close of the war.

Times were growing worse, and prices of provisions rising so rapidly that it was difficult to maintain a regular schedule of rates. In the meantime, Colonel Carrington and Major Ayres sold their unexpired lease, and the furniture, of the "American", to Wright & Ford.

I was retained as chief clerk, though I was growing uneasy regarding the safety of my life; for the city became crowded whenever a spell of rainy, or snowy weather set in, by soldiers who would run the blockade, as it was termed, i. e., leave camp without a furlough. It became so general that a provost guard had to be established on Main Street to make arrests. But the soldiers soon learned how to flank the guard, and continued their visits to the city.

My next encounter was with an intoxicated cavalryman, who wished to purchase a meal-ticket, and became infuriated at my refusal, threatening dire vengeance upon me, and finally drawing his knife, attempting to come over the counter. A well-directed blow prevented him, he then threw the open knife with force enough to have sent it through me, but fortunately, the handle struck my side, and it fell harmlessly to the floor. He then made a wild rush for the side door, to close upon me, but it was shut and bolted in time to prevent

his doing so. Then, he commenced a vigorous kicking, to break through.

I well knew, if he ever closed in upon me, in his infuriated condition, my life would be taken. I had already sent an office boy for the police, but none had arrived, and it began to look as if the door would give way. I jumped over the counter, and, while he was planting his heavy boot heels against the door, I struck him with all my strength, a blow with my club on the back of his head. He wheeled upon me, and I had to run for my life to the street.

He gathered up an iron cuspidore, as he followed me through the long hall leading from the office to the street. As I passed through the folding, glass-paned door near the street entrance, I ran my club through the two pull-handles to hold him at bay. With a crash, the cuspidore shattered the glass, but did not injure me. We were now face to face through the opening made. Again, I used my club, and with better effect than the first time, for he fell to the floor from the blow across the face. Taking advantage of the situation, I thrust my club in the back of his collar, and gave it a twist that rendered him powerless. At this critical moment, three cavalymen of his own command came up; and I would have been handled very roughly by them, but for the fact that one of the number proved to be a friend of mine, who pacified the others, and they carried their intoxicated friend away.

I commenced to have forebodings that my life would end in some tragic affair, and notified my employers that I wished to quit my position. I was urged not to do so, my salary was raised to quite a handsome figure. Moreover, I had the opportunity to purchase stationery, and other office supplies, that were bought through the lines in wagons and before they arrived, they were sold at a fair margin of profit. In thus financing I was enabled to add considerably to my salary account.

As well as I can remember; it was in the spring of 1864, that a day of intense excitement occurred, when several hundred women and children, whose ages ranged

from eight to fourteen years, came down Main Street from a western suburb, then known as Sidney. The women were bareheaded and sleeves rolled above their elbows, some singing others screaming and the boys yelling like wild Comarchies.

Pendemonium seemed to have suddenly seized upon Main Street; with their clubs smashing windows and doors and removing all they could bear in their arms. They were finally halted at Fourteenth Street where a line of military crossed from curbstone to curbstone.

Behind this line mounted on horseback were Governor Letcher and his aid, Major S. Bassett French.

The military commander ordered a halt, and in a loud and distinct voice Major French read the Riot Act, and gave the crowd five minutes to disperse. They quickly fled in will disorder back to their homes.

On the 12th of May, 1864, great alarm was felt, for the safety of Richmond as Sheridan, with a large force of cavalry was reported in the vicinity of Yellow Tavern, and approaching the city via the Brooke road. All who were able to use arms were ordered to the outer breastworks. In company with Mr. George Gilliam (a tobacconist) and Mr. Ford, of the American Hotel, we drove to the other side of Emmanuel Church and halted near Mr. Stewart's palatial home; the gentlemen, named, each had a double barrel gun, while I carried a Belgium rifle, with a good long sight range. I therefore left the two gentlemen and ventured about half a mile to the front, the firing could be distinctly heard.

A squad of cavalry coming in brought the sad news of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's death, but said the Yankees would not get to Richmond, so we returned to the City. President Davis and about all of his cabinet and many members of congress were out on the Brooke road during the excitement and great relief was felt when it was known that the enemy had been repulsed.

A few months later another startling rumor reached Richmond, that Butler with a large force was making an effort to capture and destroy the railroad between Peters-

burg and Richmond. An order was issued for every person able to bear arms to report at Drury's Bluff on James River.

In company with many others I went down to the Bluff in a steamer, and carried my Belgium rifle.

It was about four o'clock when we arrived at our destination and only a small force was at the Bluff. About a mile and a half distant a fierce attack was being made on Fort Stephens on the South bank of Falling Creek.

There was no intervening forests or other obstructions to prevent a view of the gallant defense made by our troops. As we were simply volunteers without a leader no effort was made to lead us into the fight, but when Major Smith, who was in command at the Bluff, wished to send a dispatch to General Hagood, who commanded at Fort Stephens, I asked the honor of bearing it, little dreaming of the perilous risk I was to take. When about eight hundred yards of the Fort, I was in the range of the enemy's Sharp shooters, and minnie balls snipped uncomfortably close. I promptly feigned being shot, and laid prostrate for a minute or two, then in a stooping posture made the best time I could and soon reached Falling Creek, here a dilemma confronted me, the stream was not wide, but its swift current gave evidence of depth, after searching, a short distance, a path was found that led to a log that enabled me to cross and in a few minutes was inside the Fort, and delivered the dispatch to General Hagood.

The battle was still raging and the litter bearers were busy carrying the wounded to the rear, nearly all of whom were shot above the shoulders as they were firing behind breastworks. As I was in citizens dress the soldiers looked rather askance at me, and my desire to fire the Belgium rifle over the breastworks was minimized by the fear of getting a bullet in my head, moreover, it was nearly sundown and a good excuse to return to the Bluff. The fear of being a target for the sharpshooters prevented my returning the way I came. Having often driven from

Petersburg to Richmond, I knew the turnpike could not be very far distant so I started in search of it. On reaching the bridge that spans the little stream, the sentinels halted me. I informed them of my having a dispatch from the commander at the Bluff to General Hagood, and I disliked to return as I came, on account of being in range of the enemy's sharpshooters. They paid little attention to what was said and refused, positively, to let me pass. I remarked that I would get General Hagood to give me a pass, but they said that General Beauregard was the only name that could pass me over this bridge," and his headquarters were near Petersburg.

I was in quite a dilemma, as dark would overtake me in less than an hour.

I laid my rifle on the ground, took off my coat and rolled up the sleeve of my left arm and showed them the crooked elbow joint with a bullet scar below and above. Now, I said, don't you think that ought to pass me as well as General Beauregard's name? Their demeanor to me changed at once, and with a look of sympathy they said yes, you can go on that pass. It was some time after dark when I reached the Bluff, and it was a great relief to know that Butler was hammered by the guns of Fort Stephens and all along the line so successfully that he was forced to retreat.

The next incident worthy of narrating in these reminiscences, occurred about dark in the evening of a day that had been appointed, by President Jefferson Davis, for prayers and thanksgiving to the Almighty for some victory obtained by our army. I was returning from a walk, and, just in front of the old Farmer Bank, two doors above the hotel, I was approached by a lady leading a little boy about six years old. "Stranger," she said, "will you protect me from an intoxicated man, who has been rude to me?" "Certainly I will," was my prompt reply, and retraced my walk up Main Street. Before reaching the first corner, I could hear the reeling, irregular step of the man behind me. When passing me, at a lurching gait, he swung his left arm around a lamp-post,

and leaned his head near my face. I paid no attention to him. But on reaching the corner of Ninth Street, he ran against the lady, pushing her forward. As he did so I turned on him, and landed a blow with my fist, full in the face, sending him sprawling to the pavement. He was soon on his feet and came at me with frantic gestures of his arms, but his intoxicated condition prevented the keeping of his equilibrium and I easily sent him again reeling to the pavement, where he preferred to remain, uttering foul and loud oaths. A crowd commenced to assemble. I rejoined the lady and her little boy, and, after going a block above the "Spottswood Hotel," she remarked, "I am not very far from home now, and I thank you most sincerely for the protection, but please give me your address, so my husband can thank you when he returns from the army." Poor man! He was probably killed, and to this day I do not know who the lady was. Next morning, Otto Hahn, who boarded at the "American" called my attention to an article in the "Daily Dispatch," headed "A Scene on Main Street," giving an account of the affair. If the old files have been cared for, it can be read. With one more adventure, this paper will soon close. It had been a cold rainy day, just the kind for running the blockade, and the kind, that always filled me with uneasiness for my safety.

Before the door opened for dinner an officer, perfectly sober, bought three tickets. I did not see his other two comrades, but presumed they were allright.

After the doors had been open for nearly half an hour, one of the men came out and asked to have his money refunded, as he did not feel the desire to eat. I handed him the change, and, to my surprise, he returned in fifteen or twenty minutes, and demanded money for his ticket. I told him that he had already received the money, and I had taken in his ticket. He was very much under the influence of liquor, and vehemently denied that I had returned him the money, finally using language that angered me to such an extent, that I was forced to

strike him a severe blow with my club, which brought a flow of blood.

He ran his hand in his pocket, and naturally, I supposed a pistol or a knife would soon put an end to me, but he put a whistle to his mouth, and gave a shrill blast, then loudly called, "Battle's Brigade, rally here!" In less time than it takes to write it, five or six of his men were in front of the office counter, some with knives, and others with pistols, thirsting for revenge.

When the soldier mentioned "Battle's Brigade," I instantly knew that the 3rd Alabama belonged to it, and, as this regiment and the 12th Virginia had been stationed near each other, at the entrenched camp below Norfolk, and many warm attachments formed, in 1861. Seeing that they were bent on hurting me, I said, "Men of Battle's Brigade, if any of you belong to the 3rd Alabama, I am sure you will not disturb me, when I tell you that I belong to the 12th Virginia, am disqualified for military service by reason of a wound received in the campaign into Maryland in 1862." These few words acted like magic, and one of the number beckoned me to the side door, where regrets were expressed over the occurrence, and they agreed to take their companion away.

The day following, I gave written notice to Wright and Ford, that I would give them until April 1st, to put some one in my place. A short while before the time expired, Mr. Wright offered to sell his half interest in the furniture, and unexpired lease of the "American," for \$100,000. After carefully considering the matter, I agreed to accept his offer, paying him one-half cash, and giving him my note at sixty days for the other half.

Times were looking very gloomy for our cause, as the North had unlimited resources, and our army had been recruited to its utmost extent. On Sunday, 2nd of April, 1865, I was in St. Paul's Church, seated in the left gallery commanding a full view of the audience. The morning service was over, and Doctor Minnergerode, as well as I remember, had given out his text, when the sexton, Mr. Irvin, carried a telegram to President Davis, and another

to a member of his cabinet. They quietly left the church, but the congregation became nervous and restless, while a buzz of excitement pervaded the sanctuary, and there was every indication of a stampede. Then Doctor Minnegerode asked the congregation to be quiet, and he would read a telegram that had been sent Mr. Davis, and dismiss them with a benediction. The telegram read, "Our line has been broken south of Petersburg, and the evacuation of Richmond will be necessary." To this was added a request for all able-bodied men to assemble in the Capitol Square by two o'clock. In sad and solemn movement the congregation dispersed, with heavy and down-cast hearts.

I hardly know what I did from that hour until night-fall; it all seems a perfect blank. I do know that about 11 o'clock that night, I went with Mr. Ford to Cary Street, where we had a quantity of beans, and other supplies, stored, and saw a mass of wagons and soldiers, on the retreat from the works below and around the city, making their way over Mayo's Bridge.

On our return, we looked into the large tobacco warehouse, where the present tobacco exchange now stands. In this was stored a large quantity of tobacco, owned by the French Government. Through the center, at intervals of about ten feet, were piles of pine fagots; and two sentinels were guarding the entrance. We could get no information from them; so we returned to the "American Hotel," where we found that troops had been ordered to seize and destroy all intoxicating liquors and the heads of many barrels were knocked in, and the contents emptied into the street gutters.

Tired and disturbed, I laid down to rest, and, about daylight, was awakened by a terrific explosion, that rattled the window lights. On reaching the office, I was told that a magazine had been blown up, and the tobacco warehouse, where the fagots were piled, had been set on fire, by order of General Elzey. Main Street was full of excited men, many of them having stopped over for the

night, and were now hastening to join our retreating army.

About eight o'clock, the wind arose, and commenced to fan the flames of the burning buildings, which spread to the large Galego Flour Mill. In company with several others, by going around the upper or west end, of the canal basin, we were appalled by the fierce roaring of the flames.

I hurriedly returned to the hotel, and found the buildings in the rear on fire, and my room too hot to enter. My trunk and every article of clothing, except what I was wearing, were consumed, along with many trophies that I valued highly, among them the bullet that was extracted from my arm.

My nephew, Eugene Pettit, a member of the Goochland Cavalry, who was with the rear guard, rode up, and asked if I had anything, I wished to send away. Fearing my watch, for which I had paid four thousand dollars, Confederate money, might be taken from me by the enemy, whose cavalry were then coming up Main street, I handed it to him, and also a beautiful enameled Geneva lady's watch, which was purchased from a blockade runner. He galloped off, and, about the time he reached Sixth and Main, several shots were exchanged, as the Yankee cavalry came dashing along.

I ran back into the office, to save my books, and, as I did so, the flames were crackling and roaring over my head in a frightful manner. I carried them to the "Spottswood," but what was the use! Everything was lost. I did not have enough money to buy a change of clothing.

They were kind to me, at the "Spottswood," where I remained three days, then to the provost marshal's office, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, and obtained a pass to leave the city. I walked to Col. Jos. L. Carrington's hospitable home, "Sunny Side," where his family gave me a hearty welcome. I found a large number of Federal soldiers camped on the adjoining farm, but they were orderly and respectful.

In relating my experiences at the "American Ho-

tel," it must not be inferred that all my days were unpleasant. On contrary, I had the opportunity of making many pleasant and lasting friendships, and no soldier ever left the doors, hungry for want of money to pay for a meal, as many can testify, if they are still living. It was only when intoxicated, or insolent men endeavored to impose upon me, that I was forced to resent their conduct.

When the Union troops entered Richmond on that eventful morning, April 3rd, 1865, they found conditions somewhat similar to that of Napolian's Army when they entered Moscow. But to the credit of the Federal Army. let it be known, they went heroically to work fighting to extinguish the alarming fire.

All of Cary and Main streets between 9th and 14th (except the U. S. Custom House, built of Quincy granite) also all of shoekoe slip and around the canal basin were a mass of smouldering ruins before night. The bursting shell at the arsenal on the canal, in the western part of the city, gave the impression that an artillery battle was being fought while the twelve hundred burning houses were roaring like a furnace.

When the sun dipped below the western horizon, on the evening of April the ninth (eighteen hundred and sixty, five, all that was left of the heroic Army of Northern Virginia had vanished into a sorrowful band of home-bound heroes. But they carried with them the blessing and benediction of their beloved leader, as an inspiration and guidance for their future. They also, in that last sad afternoon, had cause to carry home with them a grateful remembrance of General U. S. Grant, commander of the Union Army, for his generous treatment in their misfortunes.

Two score and eight years have wrought a mighty change in the condition of the South; a wondrous shower of God-like power has shed its benign influence on our glorious, reunited country, and, though the Southern Army was crushed by overwhelming numbers, drawn from foreign countries, yet the Constitutional rights for

which they fought are growing stronger day by day as the years pass away. The prophetic lines, written many years ago, by Virginia's poet laureate, James Barron Hope, will yet come true; and, as many of the readers may not have seen them, they will close my reminiscences.

“In the future there will come forth some historian both
strong and wise,
With a love for the Republic and truth before his eyes.
He will show the subtle causes of the war between the
States,
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern
dates,
He will trace out hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits born of different social
codes,
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
He will show it re-united, and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful, must this coming
teacher be,
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground
to prune the tree.
He will hold the scales of Justice, he will measure, praise
and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and stand it without
Shame.”

A copy of these reminiscences will be mailed anywhere in U. S. or Canada for 25cts. 5 copies for \$1.00.

Address PHIL F. BROWN,
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